Are You Jealous?

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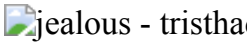
by TigerPrawn

Summary

Tristan knows something that Galahad doesn’t.

Notes

Prompt fill for @tcbook - A/B/O Tristhad + Jealousy
For #Eattherare and #SummertimeSlick (for role reversal - omega knights)



“Jealous, pup?”

Galahad hated that smug tone Tristan always seemed to have when they interacted. Specifically when *they* interacted. He wasn’t like it with any of the other knights. But then, Galahad was the only alpha amongst them, and being the youngest that seemed to make him doubly in for teasing and taunting.

And Tristan was the worst. Everyone else just treated him like a child, played childish tricks on him. But Tristan treated him like he was a brat, and as a result he couldn’t help but be one.

The omega grinned, clearly seeing that he had Galahad flustered with his teasing.

“I’m not jealous!” The words came out more petulant than he had meant. So what if Lancelot was taking Tristan on a mission? Galahad had only just finished his training, so it made sense it wouldn’t be him. Even though he had passed all of it incredibly well and was now proficient with a bow, more so than any of the other knights.

Tristan just grinned and continued to prepare his horses tack. Maybe it was because all the omegas stuck together? They were the elite fighters, ruthless and precise in a way that only those capable of bearing life were. Had it not been for a few lies on his family’s part when they came looking for children to buy, Galahad wouldn’t even be one of them.

He was lucky that Arthur had taken pity on him when he had his first rut outed him, mere weeks after arriving at the training camp. They had allowed him to stay and to train, and it was his skill that had earned him a place amongst them.

On the whole they had accepted him, other than treating him like a stupid kid brother. Except Tristan, his teasing was always a lot more cutting.

The omega finished saddling the horse and then swung up onto her, grinning down at the alpha as he trotted past, pulling her to a stop to look down at him.

Galahad folded his arms and looked up, scowling and expecting one last taunt.

Instead Tristan leaned down from the saddle and pressed a quick, nipping kiss to Galahad’s lips.

“I meant jealous of Lancelot.” Tristan crooned, his grin even wider than before as Galahad blushed and stammered. He let out a whimper as his knot started to swell, hoping that Tristan didn’t hear it as he rode off laughing.

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